

## **Your shirt smells of home by [a\\_cruel\\_cruel\\_girl](#)**

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**Summary:**

After everything, they all need eachother and become best friends, Steve sleeps at Jonathans most nights hating the cold clinical empty house of his parents.

Steve is obsessed with stealing Jonathans clothes and Nancy likes it.

## **Your shirt smells of home**

If Steve went back even 6 months ago he'd be perpetually confused as to how he ended up staying on the floor of Jonathan Byers room at least 3 times a week if not more. But after he'd left school, he quite frankly didn't have the mental health to get a job, not with the night terrors keeping him up all the time. He always saw something running at him in the corner of his eye, things crawling on the ceiling and the jumpiness from loud noises. Joyce tells him it's okay, it's normal they went through something traumatic, and it'll get better with time. Barely 3 months after the 4th of July and thankfully his parents weren't badgering him to get a job for once understanding he went through something. Not that they were ever home, he's sure they must have forgotten about him somewhere along the way.

He knew that they would start pushing sometime soon, probably when they next came home, although he'd said that every time they did come home. But for now he let the free time consume him by helping out at the Byers house. When he woke up Joyce would cook them all breakfast, or sometimes Jonathan would and then he would do the washing up and the drying up if no one could help. He'd drive the boys to school and Jonathan would go pick up Nancy and he'd usually take the gang home but sometimes would get side tracked with Nancy and Jonathan and go to the diner and get milkshakes until late. He secretly liked doing the cleaning as well, he'd pretend to groan when he was asked but his mum had always been a neat freak so it was ingrained in him to keep the place tidy. Joyce always smiled when she came home when she noticed he'd been pottering about the place dusting, he isn't sure Jonathan notices.

He was starting to appreciate the simpleness of life and how he didn't have to worry even though he didn't have a clue what he was going to do. He sort of hoped he'd just be able to go somewhere with either Nancy or Jonathan although he wasn't about to ask out of embarrassment. He would only be able to work small jobs now though since he'd fucked up most of his education, scraping by. He hadn't had it in him to care about it in the end. His dad had shouted at him for days when he found out.

He's sure that Both Nancy and Jonathan are going to get good jobs and both be the breadwinners. Especially Nancy, she seemed like she knew what she was doing and he doubted any man knew as much as she did, something about the way she carried herself. And the way she'd stare blankly at any man who dared say something stupid to her that she could easily correct.

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So it's like any other Wednesday, Joyce has an early shift at work so he and Jonathan pull themselves out of bed 15 minutes earlier than normal and Steve sits at the table buttering bits of toast so they go all golden and soft whilst Jonathan stands at the hob cooking bacon and eggs. They chat idly Jonathan all dressed in his cute raggedy jumper and dark green cords but Steve sits cross legged on the seat with only his boxers on, too tired to change. Jonathan tries not to look and it always makes Steve laugh because Jonathan is such a prude.

Sometimes Steve wonders if he and Nancy have even fucked, I mean surely they have but he can't even imagine what Jonathan would be like, all tall, dark and spluttery with nerves, he guesses. Quickly pausing when a shirtless image of Byers looking innocent as heaven, nervous at the foot of a bed pops into his head. He definitely had a type huh. Shaking his head of thoughts he stands up "I'm gonna change" he nods to himself before ducking into Jonathan's room.

He picks up his trousers from yesterday looking at them for any dirt, not sure why he's bothering because they'd have to be pretty dirty for him not to wear. He sneaks on new boxers before the trousers and then pulls on a tight belt over it all, he peers round the floor to look for his shirt but figures the dark purple shirt with crumpled up band name on looks good enough. He picks it up and smells it. He loves the smell of the Byers in general, it smells warm and cozy and a bit sweet whereas going into his house always smells of antibacterial spray and dust at the same time. Jonathan's clothes are very homely so he decides he'd rather wear it than his own.

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It's only when Nancy looks at him across from the booth at the diner

and says slowly before blushing "That's.. Jonathan's shirt". Her eyes go big and round like she's thinking something she'd rather not share.

"Yeah I like it" Steve says nonchalantly and keeps shoving the pancakes they ordered in his mouth, barely noticing the weird reaction even though he loves making Nancy blush. Although it's hardly his job anymore. Jonathan also stops which Steve does notice, and he doesn't like the way Jonathan looks, sort of shocked with his mouth half open.

"It's fine isn't it?" He pulls a face "Sorry I guess I should have asked, but we're so close now I just figured." Realising his mistake and that Jonathan might have different preferences, but when he'd stayed at Nances he'd borrowed clothes, he wasn't scared to rock a crop top. In fact he quite liked them, especially the ones with soft fabric. And he'd always borrowed clothes from Tommy when they were younger if he got clothes dirty but Jonathan was quite private so maybe that was weird for him.

But Jonathan spluttered on his mouthful "No I mean it's fine, I just .. shocked.. Um it.. It, y'know, looks good" he clears his throat after. "Mm surprised I didn't notice" He adds quietly.

Steve sort of glances away before opening his eyes back to Jonathan's with a smile. "Thanks, guess you're clothes suit me" and when his eyes finally revert and move to Nancy she has a even brighter red gleam across her cheeks, which makes Steve look down and smile at himself before looking up and bringing up something about a new shop in town that was decidedly less awkward.

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But then after that it's like Steve can't help himself, whenever he's around Jonathan's he always wears some of his shirts, they just smell so good and it always makes Jonathan smile that little bit when he sees him. Jonathan never says anything about it after the diner but Steve starts to feel eyes on him more, and not just from Jonathan but Nancy too. At first he starts to worry about it's weird cos Jon and Nance are dating but Nancy grins a little more, and looks flustered and even compliments him more, she always winks after when he's wearing something of Jonathan's.

He'll be in his car and he finds Jonathan's eyes on him, "Think I look good" he'd say jokingly and Jonathan would laugh and look away, and Steve always knew he looked good. He'll pull his sunglasses back down and smile at himself in the mirror pretending to check behind the car. (Jonathan would see this too and try to compliment Steve more subtly, pleased that he could make the boy smile.)

Or Nancy would be sitting in the kitchen at the Byers and Steve would inevitably get something on his shirt and go and change and come back with one of Byers shirts and crewnecks on and Nancy would smile at herself before telling him he looked cute. And later on when they were leaving she'd even lean into Jonathan and say how goo Steve looked and they'd get caught staring at him as Steve bends over to turn the tv off.

Even Joyce had started to notice joking "Are you sure I don't need to buy you guys a bigger wardrobe?" Which made Jonathan leave the room and turn on The Clash very loud and Will would giggle from the sofa with his mum's legs in his lap.

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He's at his house for once but only because they'd decided to go swimming in his pool and he is waiting for Nancy and Jonathan to come round soon. He's got his swimmers on, Jonathan's PJ shirt that he stole yesterday before he left. Jonathan had asked why he was grinning so much as he packed up his bag, but Steve had only winked mischievly and Jonathan had rolled his eyes wondering what little surprise he was going to come upon later when Steve had left, equally expecting something nice and horrible.

Steve sometimes had done his washing or something helpful around the house, or even brought him and Will something nice to eat in the fridge. But Steve had also done things like put all of Jonathan's sheets and bed clothes on inside out and similar things, it really was a mixed bag.

Once Steve even pulled all the labels of the cans in the kitchen. It was very funny watching Jonatahns stare at them until Joyce came home and was instantly raging at Steve. Steve had apologized and told them he'd written what they were on all the bottoms of the cans before winking again.

But Steve wore his ratty old pajama shirt that always hung so nicely off of Jonathan's shoulders and Steve loved the way it smelt of sleep and home.

He also had a cold beer perched in his hand and was lying on one of the broken sunbeds that sat around the pool.

Once they came round it was only a matter of time before he caught Steve by the shoulder. "I was wondering where that had gone, I thought you'd put it in the wash or something."

Steve just grinned back, loud and happy. "Don't expect me to be nice, Byers."

"You're so gross wearing my old dirty pajama shirt, there are so many pizza grease stains on that"

Again Steve just smiles and is about to reply when Nancy giggles from behind them and says "He's always been like that, it's like you can't stand your own clothes"

"I guess I just like wearing other people's clothes" ' which sort of has a dirty insinuation behind it because then all of them are simply imagining Steve in none of his own clothing. Which is all kinds of lovely imagery.

Jonathan imagines Steve in his own boxers, lying on the bed sleeping. Jonathan hovering above him before dragging his fingers lightly down Steve's warm torso and to the edge of his hip bone where the boxers sit, stroking the waistband of them.

Nancy pictures Steve in one of her pink frilly crop tops and his jeans with one of her belts. His toned stomach stood out. And hIm telling her to get on the bed, with a small laugh like he does when he's nervous and horny.

"Cmon, let's get in." Nancy says before they can even blink, and pulls the long shirt over her head and over her bikini and stands in her bikini before running and cannonballing into the pool. Her slender body barely makes a splash. And her head pops up over the surface and almost in slow motion she flips her hair back like a Hollywood

moment.

Both the boys stare at her and Steve turns back to look at Jonathan self conscious of his staring only to find Jonathan much closer than he'd expected.

And Jonathan, not one to be so outspoken, leans into Steve and says "God she's so beautiful" which Steve could only nod in agreement. It was something that should have felt bad because Jonathan and Nancy were dating and not him but it wasn't, it was them both loving her in something of agreement. He's not sure many people would understand that but he knew there was no bad blood between them. Both of them simply thought Nancy held the world.

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They'd been drinking for a couple hours just sitting in front of the TV watching mindless shit and telling each other to drink when they're cups moved too slowly. They currently had some music on and Nancy and Steve were trying to convince Jonathan to dance. Which he hates and they did it everything they got drunk.

He almost thought they chatted about it behind his back, pre-picking music they knew he would hate and come up with new ridiculous dance moves they could make him do.

Jonathan would sit and imagine what it had been like before they all became friends. Did Steve and Nancy just stand around dancing all the time, maybe in their boxers and underwear. It wasn't exactly sadness that Jonathan thought of either it was always just a roll of want. He was glad that Nancy had someone to dance with and Steve had someone he could force his awful music taste on, but he wishes he could have been there even though he hates dancing and he hates the music although he's not sure he would mind them all being in underwear. He wasn't sure where to put all his feelings so he'd usually end up getting up and dancing with them if only to suppress that desperate need to push Steve back against a wall and kiss him and hope that Nancy would just get it.

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His and Nancys sex life had always been y'know a little weird, but only in the way that they were both shy about that kinda thing but both really wanted what they wanted. Nancy usually took charge but at first it was just a lot of communication if not very awkwardly, and this is great all healthy couples have good communicatuin especilly about sex. He likes that Nancy knows what she likes, and she tells him and he likes almost everything Nancy does.

But y'know one time after they'd been with Steve all day shopping around town, Nancy had looked at them both and said "My boys are so gorgeous." Before she'd been able to stop herself and that had earned her a very rare occasion of having both Jon and Steve blushing at once. Jonathan, well all of them unbeknownst to each other realised how much they liked that. Jonathan loved it, god they were her boys.

Her and Jonathan had been making out on the bed, and they hadn't slept together in a week or two because Steve was always at his or they had work or school. Neither of them never wanted to tell him to go, not that they ever wanted to kick him for sex or anything but they just sort of avoided the topic of sex between each other. They'd both feel that slow churn and Jonathann would just go wank in the shower when he had too, he was pretty sure Steve knew when he was because otherwise he always showered in the morning.

Jonathan wondered what Steve thought whenever he went to Nancys on his and Steve's days off, whether Steve thought about them doing it. Because it was always fairly obvious he thought that they had had sex the next day, he was always so much more chipper and Nancy had a warm glow around her the next day but he could just be being paranoid. Maybe he had no idea. Steve wouldn't think about them that way anyway, it was just one of those awkward things when you know some people are probably gonna have sex and it just sort of intrusivly pops in your head. Jonathan guesses that happened to Steve because Nancy was his ex, and he definitely felt like Steve sort of gave him the eye sometimes. Especially when they'd smoked out the window a little and both their eyes go hazy and tired and wondering.. Jonathan was the most confused of them all.



Nancy however was pretty sure where shit was going and she was not going to stop it because who is she to deny any of them the pleasure of loving each other. She decides to test Jonathan when she and Jonathan were making out she was straddling his lap. Even though she was pretty sure Jonathan liked Steve too, she needed to be sure.

She pushes him back onto the bed, her hand crawling up to keep his shoulder against the bed and her lips going for his neck.

She licked a long stripe and nibbled on his neck before leaning into his ear and whispering "Steve looked so good in your shirt today, I love when he wears your clothes"

"Nancy" he gasps out as she pushes her hand into his groin under his trousers and grinds down.

"Can't help it he looked so pretty in your clothes"

Jonathan only gasps and lets out a "I" which leads out into a small soft moan, which he tries to conceal, before scrunching his eyes closed.

She hovers above him and grinds down again and asks

"Do you ever ask him if you can borrow his clothes, you should, you'd look so good in his leavers jumper, the basketball one with Harrington in it, so good"

Jonathan lets his eyes open and looks up at her.

"Maybe I'll ask him for it, so you can wear it for me, and for him, wanna see you wearing his name."

She pushes her hands into his boxers finally and grabs his cock, wanking it off quickly.

"Nance..." he groans out,

"Would you like that Jonathan" she asks, stopping the movement above him, "You gotta say it" she whispers in a less confident tone.

"Fuck" he whines trying to buck into her grip, "Fuck, are you, asking like" he lets out between gasps suddenly feeling quite cornered.

She kisses him again before saying "I'm not saying anything, but I do want you to wear that jumper don't you?" she says with a kind smile

and a nodd. Going back to kissing his neck, letting her body weight push slightly against him as she leans forward.

He moans lightly before admitting "... Yeah." he lets out a big sigh taht end sin a moan, feeling like he had admitted something guilty but Nancy grins and leans in and tell him he needs to "Fuck me hard and fast right now."

And that's how he sort of figures it'll be okay because apparently Nancy wants Steve too

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They don't bring it up till the next weekend and Jonathan is starting to think it was just some odd dirty talk or something until he brings Nancy round and Steve is already sitting going through some work with Will although it looks like Will was having to explain something to Steve and Steve looked faintly put out.

They were only supposed to get pizza from down the road, but then they're not taking orders so Steve just goes to the shop to buy pizza but when he comes back he has two crates of beer "Where did you even get those?" Nancy asks

But Steve just winks and taps his nose.

"I thought we said this was just going to be a short Pizza evening, before Joyce comes back from work."

"Well it's summer guys, so let's get drunk" Steve laughs and raises his arms. It makes Jonathan roll his eyes

"Come on, we won't be loud we can just go back to mine, It's free" He adds after.

"We'd have to wait til my mum gets back to ask, she keeps getting in trouble because we keep calling for non emergencies, and everytime we ring the lights flicker at the shop."

All of them shiver in response to flickering lights.

They pull up to Steves and of course the first thing Steve does is open one of the beers which obviously explodes everywhere cos it's been shaken up in the back of the car. They both look at Steve like he's an idiot and he grins trying not to laugh. It went everywhere in the front two seats covering both Steve and Nance.

"I guess you'll have to borrow a shirt huh nance, I'll go grab you one when we get inside."

"Oh me and Jon were actually talking about you the other day". Which makes both Jonathan and Steve's head snap up. Jonathan has a perfectly clear understanding of what she was talking about even though Steve regularly gets brought up when he's not there. He's worried about what she's gonna say, she was so forward when that happened, surely she's not that confident he thought.

"Yeah we were saying we love that basketball leaver hoodie you have, y'know the one with your name on it" she says as she absently goes to grab her own beer, staring at it trying to see if it will fizz up. "I think Jonathan would look good in it" she says slyly glancing at Jonathan but keeping her eyes mainly locked with Steves.

Steve sort of lets a noise out the back of his throat which he hopes only he heard, the idea of them wanting his jumper is so warm and hot. "Yeah course, I can go get it" he says pointing his thumb up the stairs as he jogs to go get it.

Jonathan instantly looks at Nancy as soon as Steve turns his back, it's not really a glare but there is something to his stare.

"I told you I'd ask him. " She says before wondering to him, tucking his hair behind his ear with her hand "You'll look so good in it" she says before biting her lip.

When Steve comes down he throws Nancy a clean shirt, it's a nice rugby one that's thick and will keep her warm but is big enough that the collar pulls open and hangs off the other shoulder the way Steve likes. He loved seeing her in it with just her underwear underneath or better off nothing on the occasional lazy morning where she woke up

at his house.

He throws the jumper to Jonathan and winks at him before throwing a pair of boxers and licking his lips. "Since you like wearing my clothes so much" which is very tongue in cheek considering Steve almost exclusively wears Jonathan's clothes down to when he went shopping the other day and brought a shirt that he liked but also one that Jonathan would like, he hadn't had the balls to mention it yet though.

Jonathan goes bright red and tries to laugh it off and which makes both Nancy and Steve grin. Jonathan does eventually pull on the jumper and both of them hurrah and whistle at him which only makes Jonathan feel shy and shy.

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They end up playing truth and dare because they are 5 and bored. Steve obviously gets to ask first because it's his house and he picked the game.

"Jonathan, Truth or dare?"

"Urm god, dare I guess" he says with an exaggerated sigh.

Steve is feeling giggly and tipsy and mischievous, so he goes hard for the first one and instead of easing them in and immediately tells "Byers, go put on the boxers."

What he doesn't expect is for Byers to look confused and say "Just the boxers or put my trousers back over them?"

Both him and Nancy stare at Steve but Jonathan stares in nervousness and Nancy stares in delight. Steve squirms under their stares and looks at Jonathan, letting his eyes drop low before shaking his head and saying um I guess just the boxers then"

Which instantly makes him feel on the edge of being turned on, God Jonathan in his jumper and his boxers. Looking like how he does when he's drunk. When he ruffles his hair more and it gets messy and he lies back and his limbs relax in tiredness like they never do unless they've had a drink. Steve is glad he gets to experience this version of

Byers.

Jonathan shuffles upstairs blushing bashfully.

He's not sure what to say to Nancy after, to carry on walking this side of sexual and fun or to say something serious, for once in his life he isn't sure, it's not like how he used to be around girls and sex.

But she saves him and says "Do you think I look good in your shirt" and he knows it's a trap just from the glint in eyes but he could never resist her and it just seems like it fits, like it's not bad even with Jonathan out the room. Because if she asked and they were both there they'd both tell her she's gorgeous.

"God Nance, you look beautiful, I love you in my clothes"

"Like you like wearing Jonathans" He glances away nervous but says "like I like wearing both of your clothes"

"When we were talking about your jumper the other day, you remember what I was saying earlier" He nods back, "we were having sex" She drops in just as they hear Jonathan walking down the stairs which makes Steve look at her eyes wide, not expecting anything of the sort to come out her mouth. Jonathan, who hears nothing, then enters in the boxers which have Steve now essentially dead.

His thoughts are just sex, boxers, Nance, sex, they were, sex, talking about me.

Jonathan says "so?" before striking a pose, which just makes Steve say fuck and look at Nance.

"You look very hot Jon, Steve agrees" and Steve can only nod and Jonathan looks pleased with himself. He sits down and all but chugs half his beer feeling the awkwardness of him in only his boxers, not used to feeling so vulnerable. It is then his turn to ask Nancy.

"Truth or dare?" he instantly asks her to also "Put Steve's boxers on." in order to not feel so awkward. He gets a boo and a hiss from Steve for not being very original but he doesn't miss the way Steve's eyes glint in excitement.

Jonathan regrets it instantly because he was trying not to get hard but now Nancy is going to look overloadingly sexy and now he's alone with Steve. Who himself looks like it's his bloody birthday.

“What do you know?” Jonathan asks, knowing that look on Steve's face.

“No... i .. know nothing”

“What, what is it?” he asks again, this time standing up going to crowd into Steve.

He's about to lean in and tickle Steve but Nancy appears, he guess she only had to take her skirt off so it only took her 30 seconds. But now he and Steve are just staring at her open mouthed. Jonathan can feel an erection stirring. This is literally his dream but also his nightmare.

“Geez Nance” she grins and they all sit down again.

Closer this time, Nancy is opposite them but Jonathan is sitting with his legs out in front of Steve, which Steve is trying hard not to stare at. Steve likes the way Jonathan's knees look all pointy and nobbly, he has gangly long legs which Steve loves.

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They'd been sitting there for 5 minutes with Jonathan trying to come up with a dare for Steve, until Nancy finally has enough.

“Oh honestly both of you stop being pussys. Steve, I dare you to kiss Jonathan.”

They both look at eachother with apprehension until Steve mutters a soft, “Nancy ! ..Okay” and pulls himself up and sort of half crawls to where Jonathan had lent back and is now leaning on his arms from where he'd pulled himself to look at Steve.

Steve is above him and Jonathan feels breathless, “Oh” he says and knows instantly that Steve is doing this because he wants to and not because of some dare. His hands grab at Steve's shirt around his midsection, as Steve lets his eyes dart to Jonathan's lips. “God I've

wanted to do this for ages” before kissing him.

Like most passionate kisses, it's slow for about a second before hunger devours them both and then it's a struggle to who can make the other moan first, hands grab and pull at the corner of their clothings. Jon is the one who lets out a moan first because Steve is experienced and knows just what to do and it makes something hot curl up in Jonathan's abdomen.

Steve pulls back and sits up, sort of straddling one of Jonathan's legs, “Okay well I now dare you get over here then Nance.”

So she does but she is indignant and says “What do you want me to do” in the most innocent voice. “Jesus” Byers lets out, both of them turn to look at Jonathan who blushes the violentest of red Steve's ever seen.

“God you're beautiful, both of you” says Nancy and then promptly leans over and puts one on Steve. Who is only but grateful. Jonathan can all but squirm underneath.

Jonathan lies back staring at them adoringly, see's that Nancy leads the kiss, always more dominant. Steve's hands resting on her jaw trying to pull her closer. Steve grunts when she pulls away. She bites her lips and leans down over Jonathan and kisses him too.

It's strong unlike the beginning of him and Steve's kiss, the gentleness lost in her, too used to the need of wanting each other.

Whilst their kissing Steve leans back down pushing Jonathans other leg down so it's no longer folded up, he peppers kisses up Jonathans neck the opposite side of the one his bending to kiss Nancy. Jonathan's hand is quick to move and pull at Steve's hair which in turn makes Steve push his groin against Jonatahans leg. It's hot and fuzzy and they're all buzzed and wanting.

Jonathan who had had less sex than any of them was feeling like he might just implode, the softness of their skin was so contrasting to the hardness of the kiss, the movement, the want.

“Fuck” he breathed out with a slight whine, making both Nancy and

Steve hum back at him. Nancy pulled back and bit her lip “My sweet boys”